THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 29, 1807.

SKETCHES *of* CONSTANTINOPLE.

By FREDERICK MURHARD.

IT was such a day as cannot be paralled except in elysium when our vessel entered the celebrated strait which forms the boundary between Europe and Asia. The whole hemisphere was illumined by the brilliant rays of the sun, whose golden light was reflected in a thousand tints on the dazzled eye. Both sea and sky glistened like silver, and balsamic breezes were wafted from either coast. The air was so pure, so mild; the whole atmosphere, cooled by the water, so refreshing; the shores on each side unfolded such inexpressible charms, that we might have fancied ourselves walking in the garden of Eden, and imagination might almost have persuaded reason that this was the avenue to some fairy city.

For half a day we thus continued our course between Thrace and Asia Minor. One prospect, one beauty, succeeded another. Here appeared the ruins of castles and forts, there villages peeped forth between the dark branches of cypresses and walnut-trees. Here we sailed under the menacing cannon of formidable batteries, there we glided past oriental palaces and imperial pleasure houses. Here rose ranges of mountains and hills, their summits crowned with woods, glowing in the rich colours of summer, and clothing the gradual declivity, unbroken, save where the bold, rocky promontory caught the passing beam; yonder appeared delicious landscapes, embellished with all the riches of industry and luxury, whose tints were harmoniously blended in the sun-shine. Here Ceres and Pomona presented in the enchanting grove a banquet worthy of the gods; there towered a steep crag, but the purest nectar distilled from its rugged sides, and the purple clusters glowing

amid the embrowned foliage were suspended in luxuriant festoons from the branches of the fig and the slender cherry-tree; while meadows of such verdure as I have seldom beheld in any country, covered the shore of the sea, whose foaming waves impetuously broke against the projecting cliffs, and which here and there forming a bay of greater or less extent, reflected in its bason the adjacent objects.

The strait of the Dardanelles, as the whole channel between the two continents of Europe and Asia is usually called, forms the communication between the Archipelago, the sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea. It is twelve leagues in length but the breadth is very unequal, being in some places not more than three or four hundred fathoms, while, in others, it expands to the width of fifteen hundred or two thousand fathoms. At the mouth next the Archipelago are two forts on the opposite shores, but at the distance of fifteen hundred fathoms, so that they cannot be said to afford much protection to the passage; a promontory about three leagues within the strait projects about four hundred fathoms, and here on either side are erected forts mounted with very heavy cannon, which completely command both shores, and form what may properly be called the Dardanelles. Other forts are also constructed in the narrow parts of the passage, 'till it opens into the seat of Marmora, when no further obstruction is presented to the progress of vessels to Constantinople.

The nearer we approach to the imperial metropolis, the more numerous were the objects that caught the eye, and the more animated became the whole surrounding scene. Already ships and barks of every kind incessantly glided over the slightly agitated surface; already were heard here and there the huzzas of the sailors, and the various sounds proceeding from the floating palaces; already did we behold the contiguous European and Asiatic shores covered with innumerable groups of inhabitants.

All that I had yet seen was, however, but a feeble prelude to the inexpressibly magnificent spectacle which now began gradually to present itself to my view. We had reached the end of the channel, and to the south opened an unbounded prospect over the sea of Marmora. The immense capital, with its splendid amphitheatre and harbour, suddenly burst upon my view; and such was the impression which it made upon me by its majestic situation and prodigious extent, that it totally eclipsed the almost celestial beauties of Skutari, seated on the hills to the left.

There the immense Stambul, with its numerous suburbs, enthroned on unequal hills, extends more than a long day's journey in the domains of Europe and Asia, forming as it were, the link that unites the east with the west. Though inhabited by barbarians,

barbarians, despoiled of its fairest ornaments by the fury of Mahommedan fanaticism, and repeatedly brought to the brink of destruction by the rapacious element of fire, still it stands in all its majesty, as though it defied alike the hand of time and the desolating efforts of human rage; as though it were reserved for a higher destiny, perhaps to give laws to all the nations of the earth, and to govern all mankind as children of one great family.

Constantinople is of itself a world in which a million of people are in constant motion. To an European it is a totally new world; and who can pretend to embrace such an object at one view? Those only can be aware of the difficulty of describing the *tout-ensemble* of Stambul, or discover how few correct accounts we possess concerning it, who have had an opportunity of comparing with the original the pictures that have been drawn of it. I sincerely wish that it were in my power to give an idea of the whole; but this, as I have already observed, is impracticable, and must remain so 'till we have invented expressions adapted to the most delicate shades of our feelings and sensations. I must therefore content myself with presenting only a few sketches towards a picture of the Turkish metropolis, commencing with the suburb of Pera, the general quarter of the Franks or Europeans resident at Constantinople.

Pera is situated, with several other suburbs, on a peninsula, or promontory, formed by the harbour of Constantinople and the canal. With respect to its dimensions and buildings, it may be compared to the middling towns of Italy or Germany. Toward the south it joins another larger suburb, called Galata, but on all the other sides it is surrounded by extensive burial-places, with agreeable walks overshadowed with cypresses. As the place is very unequally built, and is situated on the declivity of a hill, many quarters of it lie much higher than others; so that, from the former, you have frequently the most delightful views over the lower parts of the city.

Both Pera and Galata were built by the Genoese, and on this account the architecture of the houses in those two suburbs differs materially from that of the other parts of Constantinople. Here it is oriental, there Italian: here the houses are constructed in the Turco-Grecian style; there they were planned by European artists. In the city itself, as well as in most of the other suburbs, the houses are scarcely one story high; in Pera and Galata there are buildings not inferior in height to those of Paris and Vienna. Some of them, however, are very old, and make a wretched appearance, though most are solid edifices, built entirely of stone, after the Italian manner. The more modern structures display an intention of imitating the eastern style; the houses are built, in general, by far

not so high as formerly, and wood is frequently used, though the many dreadful fires ought to have taught the Franks how dangerous it is in a place like this to prepare fuel for so destructive an element.

Pera nevertheless contains palaces which would do honour to any European capital. The residences of the ambassadors, which are the property of the nations whom they respectively represent, are particularly beautiful. Unfortunately a great part of Pera was consumed in the late dreadful conflagration. I was assured that this was the finest quarter of Pera; and so it must certainly have been, to judge from its situation. A whole street on the west side, which ran from south to north, was destroyed, and the palaces of the English and Austrian ambassadors were reduced to ashes.

Pera is much more extensive from south to north than from east to west. Through the middle of it the principal street runs longitudinally. It is of unequal breadth, but in most places two carriages might drive abreast. It is tolerably well paved, and there is also a foot pavement before many of the houses. At the southern extremity it is intersected almost at right angles by another broader street, which runs eastward to Galata. Toward the north it loses itself in an unpaved road, of considerable length, which is bordered by numerous buildings and burial-places.

Such is a brief and general description of the principal residence of the Franks at Constantinople. They enjoy their various rights and privileges; they even possess their houses, gardens, and grounds, as private property, in which no one can molest them. In other parts of the Turkish empire the case is widely different. At Bucharest, or Jassy, a Frank cannot purchase a house, and even the agents and consuls of foreign nations are obliged to rent them. I was besides assured, that no mussulman is now permitted to build within the confines of Pera; so that this place is in some measure free from Turks, though it is surrounded by the signs of moslemism.

It must not be imagined that all the Franks who are either occasionally or permanently resident at Constantinople, live at Pera. A great number of the Franks settled at Pera pass the summer in the suburbs of Tarapia, Buyukdere, or Belgrade, which are situated at some distance from the city; and a great portion of them live in Galata, or even in still more remote suburbs. Besides this, the merchants and traders who arrive in companies or caravans, by land or water, from Russia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, frequently reside in the large edifice in the middle of Constantinople, where they deposit their commodities.

Pera is not divided from the other parts which belong to the great whole of the Turkish capital. Nor must it be supposed that,

that, as Turks are not permitted to reside in the quarter of the Franks, no musselmen are to be seen in Pera. All the streets swarm not only with men, but also with Turkish women; the inspectors of the police and the watchmen are Turks; the principal street of Pera is the general thoroughfare to the more remote suburbs, and in the midst of so populous a city cannot possibly be empty.

(To be continued)

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 489.)

THE earl was pledging himself for propriety of behaviour, and to be governed wholly by Truman, when his adored mistress entered the room, the sight of whom instantly putting to flight all his fine promises, and his friend's cautionary advice, his heart, impulsed to rapture in the hope of being loved by such an object, he could not suppress his transports, and in leading her to the tea-table was seized with such a trembling, his whole frame so visibly agitated, that it was impossible to confine his feelings to proper bounds, and pressed her hand with such warmth of affection, and gave her such an impassioned look, that the timid maid blushed scarlet deep, and became so affected in her turn, and so confused, that she literally did not know what she was doing. First she poured the tea into the sugar dish, then emptied the contents of the cream-pot into the slop-bason, and lastly placed two empty cups on the waiter, Cudjoe held to receive them, to be handed to the two gentlemen.

As circumstances were, the father inwardly enjoyed the joke, and with difficulty suppressed laughter; giving, at the same time, his lordship a look of reproof. The servant, quite confounded, stared on his master, who, nodding in a way the negro perfectly understood, removed the effects this trespass on decorum had occasioned, and bringing a fresh supply of cream and sugar, Truman said—"Come, my dear, make the tea; you keep his lordship and me waiting."

The poor girl performed her office as well as she *could*; during which her father introduced a conversation, where she had little share, to give her time to recover, that lasted 'till his lordship's carriage was announced, after which he thought it prudent

dent not to mention the earl during the evening. Breakfast over the next morning, the following conversation took place:

"I begin to think, my dear, that Lord Grandfield's visits to this house will be shortly lessened; I am much mistaken, from his conversation yesterday, if he does not seriously think of changing his condition."

Maria turned pale as death; a universal trembling seized her, and she appeared almost fainting. Her father, alarmed, threw up the sash for the benefit of air, and handed her a glass of water, which after making her swallow, hoped she was better, observing the chocolate she had drank that morning was too heavy for her stomach. Coming a little to herself, and Truman, determined to fathom her affections to the bottom, thus proceeded:

"Well, my dear, what do you think of this intelligence, is it your opinion that his lordship will make a good husband?"

"To be sure, Sir,—that is if my lord—I mean—he is to do as he pleases—but, dear Sir, what is his lordship to me?" and burst into a flood of tears.

Truman giving time for this natural vent of a surcharged mind, and which never fails to relieve, continued the conversation—

"As a friend, my love, I concluded you would feel an interest in his happiness, which I most sincerely do, and think the earl possesses such endearing qualities, both of temper and mind, as cannot fail to insure permanent felicity in the connubial state, to the woman he has honoured by his choice. May I hope, my dear, you are of the same opinion?"

"Me, Sir!—If his lordship chuses to marry, why should it concern me?"

"That is the very point I wish to come to; if my dear girl agrees in the sentiments of a fond father, anxious for her happiness, and the happiness of the man whom he most esteems, he gives her joy of a conquest that will raise the envy of half her sex, when introduced as the Countess Grandfield, a title now awaiting her acceptance, with the affections of a man, whose title is his least excellence, and whose virtues her good sense will, I trust, ever appreciate as they deserve."

Various were the emotions that agitated the tender bosom of the virtuous maid. She blushed, turned pale, blushed again a deeper dye, and stood trembling in a state of confusion, unable to reply, when Truman, tenderly taking her hand, said—"Speak my dear child, and make a father happy?"

"Sir—I—I—I hope—oh!" and fell back senseless in her chair. Exceedingly alarmed, lest he had been too precipitate, carried her instantly into the open air, when summoning the women to her assistance, by the aid of hartshorn, &c. came a little to herself, when he took her in his arms, and conveyed

her

her to her chamber, softly whispering as he laid her down, "Lord Grandfield adores you, compose yourself, and be happy." Then ordering Dido and Fidget not to leave their lady, said he should send up the housekeeper with a cordial mixture immediately; whispered Dido to keep her tranquil, hoping the cordial would compose her to sleep. Dido, who was almost distracted during the time her lady remained in the fainting fit, exclaimed—"Ah! massa, me die before mé no take care of my dear pickininny!"

The cordial (according to Creole practice) being impregnated with a few drops of laudanum, soon produced the desired effect. She awoke with a mind more tranquillized, but the body enfeebled by the conflict of contending passions her tender bosom had sustained; to remove which, her father ordered the chariot, insisting on her taking an airing before dinner, attended by Dido, within the carriage, and himself on horseback; by that means leaving her more free to converse, and recover her temper of mind; fearing his own immediate presence might bear too hard on her delicacy, by a retrospection of the morning scene; resolving not to touch again on the subject 'till her health was restored, and her spirits had rejoined their usual ascendancy.

Maria, after the ride, was much better, and ate a tolerable dinner; and her father compelling her to take an extra glass of wine, this, joining to the remaining effects of the laudanum, set her imperceptibly asleep; where leaving her to the care of Dido, he retired to the library to write to the earl. Without dropping the least hint of the occurrences of the day, he briefly informed his lordship, matters were going on very well at home; but that he found he had a much larger portion of maiden bashfulness to encounter than he was aware of, and that he had cogent reasons to request his lordship would keep aloof, 'till he had the honour of writing to him again. The next day a large party were expected to tea and cards. In the morning Maria seemed to wish she could decline play, as she did not feel in spirits, and most assuredly should lose considerably. Her father, hoping the diversion would amuse her, said, as she was never known to decline play, she could not do it with propriety in her own house; and though he was no friend to cards, he would for once (smiling) petition fortune in her favour.

The parties being formed, Maria took her seat at a quadrille table, where they played the full game even (exclusive of *mediator,* and *favourée)* to the claim of a fish for additional tricks, and a reward also for the four aces, a depth of game rarely engaged in unless on the principle of gambling. The party settled to play for half a guinea a fish, a sum that demanded attention to the game. Whether our heroine's father invoked

fortune, or not, certainly the dame was for this night propitious. She asked leave, held a king that was called—or played alone, frequently too, in *hearts*, almost every deal, and once played a sans prendre vole, with matadores by declaration, to the great discomfiture of her competitors. This unexpected run of success, so very unusual, threw her into such harmony of spirits, that her father was quite delighted, not having seen her so lively since their return from the races; and the company being departed, determined to seize the present opportunity, and come to an ecclaircissement with her respecting the earl's proposals that night. So taking her tenderly by the hand, and giving her a parental kiss, began to compliment her on her looks, saying, in a jesting way—

"My dear girl never dressed to better advantage than this evening; she looked like a little angel! It was really happy for Lord Grandfield that he was not of the party; for I declare, when I was young, such a bewitching object would have thrown me into a terrible plight!"

"La! papa, how you talk!"—(colouring deeply.)

"Apropos, my dear; I have promised to write to him tomorrow morning, and, as I must be governed by yourself alone, what answer am I to give?"

"Me! Sir—I—la! Sir—I have nothing to say to his lordship."

"No, my dear, it is *I* will say it; only tell me what I *am* to say"—(coaxingly.)

"Indeed, Sir, I cannot speak upon the subject."

"I tell you, my love, it is I will speak, write, do any thing, every thing to make my child happy. Come, come (drawing her on his knee) hide that pretty blushing face in your fond father's bosom, and whisper in his ear, that you prefer Lord Grandfield to his whole sex, and permit me to encourage his addresses."

"Not for the world!"—(starting from him.)

"But, my dear, politeness compels me to give his lordship an answer. Do you reject his proposals?—(Maria much confused)—Speak—am I to write him a formal dismission?"

"My dear papa, you quite distress me!"

"I would not distress my dear girl for the world; my only wish is to see her happy. But since my little perverse hussey (giving her another affectionate kiss) will neither confess the throbs of this little beating, love-fraught heart, nor consent to dismiss its master, why I must manage matters as well as I can. Therefore (affecting to look grave) shall briefly inform his lordship, that in executing the commission he had honoured me with, his *cruel* mistress actually fainted with joy, and that he has my full consent to turn the intelligence to the best advantage."

Maria, quite frightened, exclaimed—" Oh! Sir—my dear papa!—you surely will not be so barbarous as to expose my weakness."

" Weakness!—Oh ho! how murder will out! why we are now coming to the point at once. But as every woman has a heart to give, she need not be ashamed of bestowing it on a worthy claimant. I never meant to controul, nor would have interposed my authority, even in behalf of Lord Grandfield, though I love him as a son. Leave all to the care of your affectionate and happy father, who will see your wishes accomplished, with due regard to female delicacy. But apropos—I have a little request to make, which I am sure my dear girl will comply with."

" What is that, Sir?"

" Nothing more, my dear, than to order down your port-folio, and indulge me with another view of that miniature picture of the earl. It is inimitably well done, and a very striking likeness. Pray *who* drew it?"

Maria was now more confounded than ever; her face and neck all in a flame, and sat so thoroughly confused and disconcerted, taken thus by surprise, as to be incapable of making the smallest reply; which Truman pretending not to observe, continued with—" I think I never beheld a greater display of genius; the touches are those of a master, and I suppose, my dear, (giving her an arch look) the piece may be now finished?"

Our heroine still remaining silent, her father, after a little more jesting, said he should drop the subject for the present, on condition that she complied with his request in the morning. Supper, which he had ordered to be put back, was then announced; after removal, he filled a bumper of madeira, drinking to the future health and happiness of the Earl and Countess Grandfield; when ringing for her attendants, fondly embraced, and permitted her to retire. He then sat down to write to the earl, leaving orders for the groom to set off with the letter early in the morning.

The next day, the picture again came on the tapis, and, with much hesitation and reluctance, was at length produced. It was then completely finished, and presented such a specimen of ability, and such a thorough knowledge of the art, that her father stood in admiration of her talents, on which he pronounced a very proper and well-deserved eulogium.

Admiring the piece for sometime he seriously declared, he would not part with such an effort of genius; and as he hoped to see her very soon in possession of the original, (smiling) the picture should remain with him. To this our heroine dared not dissent: ardently requesting the earl might not have a glimpse of it, or the smallest hint of the circumstance.

"Why will not my dear girl put confidence in her father? can she conceive that, in any one instance, he would act by her, but with as much propriety as affection? The guardian of her innocence can never wound her delicacy. But I cannot consent that such talents should remain inert; I must positively request a second exertion of them in the same line. What think you, my dear, of giving this finely executed piece a companion?"

"Sir?"

"There was a time (stepping towards the glass, and humourously stroaking his chin) when your mother would not have thought this now weather-beaten face a bad subject for the pencil; and I should like once more to sit for my picture. What say you, my dear, to another trial of skill? I will spruce myself up to the best advantage, and give my fair artist as many sittings as she pleases. What says my Maria?"

"That my dear papa is too partial, and rates my little skill above its worth. However, Sir, if you please, you shall give me the first sitting to-morrow."

The lady was as good as her word; the outline bore a very strong resemblance, and she laboured so hard at the piece that it was soon finished, highly to the satisfaction of her father, who deposited, properly, the two miniatures for a future design.

(To be continued.)

Captain Forrest's Narrative of the Loss of the Ship Sydney.

CALCUTTA, *October* 14, 1806.

THE Sydney left Port Jackson on the 12th of April, 1806, bound to Bengal. Intending to proceed through Dampier's Straits, her course was directed as nearly as possible in the track of Captain Hogan, of the Cornwallis, which, as laid down in the charts, appears a clear safe passage. On the 20th of May, at one A. M. in lat. 3. 20. south, long. 146. 50. east, we ran upon a most dangerous rock or shoal; and as this reef is not noticed in any map or chart, it appears that we were its unfortunate discoverers.

On Sunday, over the tarfrail, we found 25 fathoms water; over the larboard gangway, 6 fathoms; on the starboard side, only 9 feet; and over the bows, 12 feet. One of the boats was immediately got out, with a bower anchor; but, on sounding 10 fathoms distance from the ship, found no ground at 60 fathoms.

It must have been high water when we struck; for, at that time, there was no appearance of any reef or breaker; but,

as

as the water subsided, the shoal began to shew itself with a number of small black rocks. The ship had been striking very hard, and began to sue forward. At three A. M. there were six feet water in the hold, and increasing rapidly; at five, the ship was setting aft, and her top sides parting from the floor heads.

Upon consultation with my officers, it was the unanimous opinion, that the ship was irrecoverably gone, and that no exertions could avail for her safety. We therefore employed all hands in getting the boats ready to receive the crew, 108 in number. Eight bags of rice, six casks of water, and a small quantity of salted beef and pork, were put in the long boat, as provisions for the whole. We were prevented taking a large stock, as from the number of people, three boats were barely sufficient to receive the whole with safety.

We remained with the Sydney 'till five P. M. on the 21st of May, when there were three feet water on the orlop deck; we now thought it full time to leave the ship to her fate, and to seek our safety in the boats. Accordingly I embarked in the long-boat, with Mr. Trounce, second officer, and 74 Lascars; Mr. Robson, first officer, and Stalkart, third, with 16 Lascars, were in the cutter; and the jolly-boat was allotted to 15 Dutch Malays and one sepoy.

Being desirous to ascertain the position of the reef, by making the Admiralty Islands, shaped our course accordingly, steering N. by E. half east. During the night it blew fresh, and the long-boat making much water, we were obliged to lighten her, by throwing overboard a great deal of lumber, and two casks of water. The three boats kept close in company, the long-boat having the jolly-boat in tow. Finding, at daylight, that the cutter sailed considerably better, I directed Mr. Robson to take the jolly-boat in tow. The wind increased as the morning advanced, and a heavy swell rising, at ten A. M. the jolly-boat sunk, while in tow by the cutter, and all on board, to the number of 16, unfortunately perished. It was lamentable to witness the fate of these unhappy men, and the more so, as it was not in our power to render them the smallest assistance.

At noon on the 22d, we saw the Admiralty Islands, bearing N. N. E. distant three or four leagues, and as we had run about 58 miles in the boats, upon a N. by E. half E. course, the situation of the shoal, on which the Sydney struck, was accurately ascertained, and will be found as above laid down.

From the Admiralty Islands, we continued standing to the westward; and on the 25th made a small island; we stood towards it, and from its appearance I was induced to land, in the hope of obtaining a supply of water. Mr. Robson, myself, and 20 of the best of our hands, armed with heavy clubs,

brought from New Caledonia, our fire-arms being rendered useless from exposure to heavy rains, approached in the cutter, and landed, through a heavy surf, to the utmost astonishment of the inhabitants, who, as far as we could judge from appearances, had certainly never before seen people of our complexion. The men were tall and well made, wearing their hair plaited and raised above the head; they had no appearance of Malays, nor of Caffrees; and, excepting their colour, which was of a light copper, they had the form and features of the natives of Europe; they were entirely naked. We saw a number of women, who were well formed, with mild pleasing features.

We were received on the beach by about 20 or 30 of the natives, who immediately supplied each of us with a cocoa-nut. We then succeeded in making them understand that we wanted water, upon which they made signs for us to accompany them towards the interior of the island;—we did so; but after walking above a mile, they conducted us into a thick jungle, and as their number was quickly increasing, I judged it imprudent to proceed further, and returned to the beach, where I was alarmed to find the natives had assembled to the number of 150 or upwards, armed with spears, eight or ten feet long. One of them, an old man, of venerable appearance, and who seemed to be their chief, approached, and threw his spear at my feet, expressive, as I understood it, that we should part with our clubs in like manner. Perceiving at this time a crowd of women to have got hold of the sternfast of the cutter, and endeavouring to haul her on shore, from the grapnell with which we had come too, we hastily endeavoured to gain the boat; the natives followed us closely, some of them pointed their spears at us, as we retreated to the boat; and some were thrown, though happily without effect; and to us they appeared to be very inexpert in the management of their weapons. On my getting into the water, three or four of the natives followed me, threatening to throw their spears, and when I was in reach of the boat, one of them made a thrust, which was prevented taking effect by the interference of Mr. Robson, who warded off the weapon. When we had got into the boat, and were putting off, they threw at least 200 spears, none of which took effect, excepting one, which gave a severe wound to my cook, entering immediately above the jaw, and passing through the mouth.

Having thus escaped from this perilous adventure, we pursued our course, and got as far as Dampier's Straits, as favourably as our situation could well admit.

Being now within reach of land, the Lascars became impatient to be put on shore. It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade them to persevere; they would not listen to argument,

and

and expressed their wish, rather to meet with immediate death on shore, than to be starved to death in the boats.

Yielding to their importunity, I at length determined to land them on the N. W. extremity of the island of Ceram, from whence they might travel to Amboyna in two or three days. On the 9th of June, being off that part of the island, Mr. Robson volunteered to land a part of the people in the cutter, to return to the long-boat, and the cutter to be then given to such farther part of the crew as chose to join the party first landed. Mr. Robson accordingly went in shore with the cutter; but to my great mortification, after waiting two days, there was no appearance of his return or the cutter.

We concluded that the people had been detained either by the Dutch or the natives; yet as the remaining part of the Lascars were desirous to be landed, we stood in with the long-boat, and put them on shore near the point, where we supposed the cutter to have landed her people.

Our number in the long-boat was now reduced to 17, viz. myself, Mr. Trounce, Mr. Stalkart, 14 Lascars and others. Our stock of provisions consisted of two bags of rice, and one gang cask of water; with this stock we conceived we might hold out 'till we reached Bencoolen, for which port we determined to make the best of our way. We fixed the allowance of provision to each man, at one tea-cup full of rice, and a pint of water *per diem*; but we soon found it necessary to make a considerable reduction in this allowance.

We proceeded on through the straits of Bantam, meeting, in our course, several Malay prows, none of which took notice of us, excepting one, which gave chase for a day, and would have come up with us, had we not got off under cover of a very dark night.

Continuing our course, we passed through the strait of Saypay, where we caught a large shark. Our spirits were much elated by this valuable prize, which we lost no time in getting on board, and having kindled a fire on the bottom of the boat, he was roasted with all expedition; and such was the keenness and extent of our appetite, that although the shark must have weighed 150 or 160lbs. not a vestige of it remained at the close of the day. We suffered most severely from our indulgence; on the following day we were all afflicted with a most violent complaint of the stomach and bowels, which reduced us exceedingly, and left us spiritless and languid, insomuch that we now seriously despaired of our safety.

On the 2d of July, I lost an old and faithful servant, who died from want of sustenance.

On the 4th, we made Java head; caught, at the same time, two large boobies, which afforded all hands a most precious and refreshing meal.

On

On the 9th, at midnight, came-to off Pulo Penang, on the west coast of Sumatra. At day-light, we endeavoured to weigh our anchor, and to run close in shore, but we were so much exhausted, that our united strength was insufficient to get up the anchor. We made a signal of distress, on which a sandpan, with two Malays, came off. As I was the only person in the long-boat, who had sufficient strength to move, I went on shore with the Malays. On landing, I found myself so weak, that I fell upon the ground, and was obliged to be carried to an adjoining house. Such refreshments as the place afforded were immediately sent off to the long-boat; and we recruited so quickly, that in two days we found ourselves in a condition to proceed on our voyage.

On the 12th of July we weighed,, and on the 19th anchored off Rat Island, at Bencoolen.

Here I met with an old friend, Captain Chauvet, of the Perseverance, whose kindness and humanity I shall ever remember and gratefully acknowledge. On the day following my arrival I waited on the president, Mr. Parr, from whom I received every kindness and attention.

I left Bencoolen on the 17th of August, in the Perseverance, for Penang, where I arrived on the 27th, and where I was most agreeably surprised to meet with my late chief mate, Mr. Robson, who, with the Lascars, landed on Ceram, had safely reached Amboyna, where they were received by Mr. Cranstoun, the Dutch governor, with a humanity and benevolence that reflect honour on his character. The governor supplied them with whatever their wants required; he accommodated Mr. Robson at his own table, and, on his leaving Amboyna, furnished him with money for himself and his people, refusing to take any acknowledgment or receipt for the amount. He also gave Mr. Robson letters to the governor-general of Batavia, recommending him to his kind offices. Such honourable conduct from the governor of a foreign country, and with which we are at war, cannot be too widely promulgated.

From Amboyna, Mr. Robson embarked in the Dutch frigate Pallas, for Batavia, and on the passage thither, fell in with and was captured by his majesty's ships Greyhound and Harrier, and brought to Prince of Wales's Island.

From Penang, I went to Bengal, with the Varunna, Captain Dennison, and arrived safely in Calcutta a few days ago.

A. FOREST.

MAIDEN's MODESTY LOST *or* STOLEN.

LOST or stolen from the subscriber, some time in December last, a *maiden's modesty*. It was first missed in Mr. ——'s

ball-room, where a number of ladies were rifled of that jewel by a certain personage, well known by the name of *fashion*, long suspected of being an arrant *thief*, and even a *murderer*; although he is a favourite with genteel company. With her *modesty* the subscriber also lost her *shawl* and *handkerchief*, and the *bosom* of her *gown*, which had been plundered of its *sleeves* the season before. Since the loss of this valuable article, the loser has suffered some decay of *health*, a considerable degree of *scandal*, a great decrease of male esteem, and probably some waste or want of *prudence* and *virtue*; all of which she can but attribute to that insidious and seductive villain, *fashion*, who has oftentimes before imposed upon her the greatest hardships, and oppressed her with the greatest rigour. Though the caitiff stole the *modesty* of many others about the same time, and very strict search has been made ever since to recover the property, but little of it has been obtained; and we are threatened with the ruin or loss of every thing valuable about us, if the ravages of the monster are not prevented. It is hoped, therefore, that every lover of good order will interest himself in the detection and arrest of this public disturber, before he corrupts both the manners of the risen and rising generations. On my part, as an incitement of vigilance in apprehending the villain, I promise to whomsoever shall return the stolen and missing goods to me, the *uncovered bosom*, the *loud laugh*, the *shameless countenance*, and the *impudent demeanour* I have been obliged to exhibit ever since the loss of my proper apparel, with a few *colds*, *aches*, *stitches*, &c. I have taken in my new dress, as a reward for trouble; with the hearty and sincere thanks of their beguiled friend and humble servant,

CLARA CANDID.

NOTICES, LITERARY *and* PHILOSOPHICAL.

MR. RIGO has laid before the royal society a proposal for a new compensation pendulum. In the course of various experiments he has discovered that of all the modes of compensation, that of triangles is the best. He has accordingly constructed one of triangles, two sides of which are steel, and the base brass or zinc, which expands twice as much as steel, and hence the expansion of the sides is properly counteracted by the expansion of the base. In this way Mr. R. affirms that pendulums may be constructed of any series of triangles, that would continue the same length throughout all climates and seasons.

Mr. E. Walker has invented a new optical machine, called the phantasmascope, which is intended to afford entertainment

to

to those who derive pleasure from optical illusions. To a person standing before this machine, a door is apparently opened, and a phantom makes its appearance, coming towards him, and increasing in magnitude as it approaches. This phantom appears in the air like a beautiful painting, and in such brilliancy of colouring, that it is unnecessary to make the room dark; this picture appears to the greatest advantage when it is illuminated.

Mr. W. has applied his machine to represent the phases of the moon, the primary planets, and other phenomena in the heavens.

EPITAPH *on a* HORSE.

TO the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
these stones are erected.
What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished;
his deportment was graceful, nay, noble;
the ladies admired and followed him;
by application he gained applause.
His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman,
into his own smooth track.
Had he lived in the days of Charles the First, the cavaliers
would not have refused his assistance; for to the
reins of due government he was always
obedient.
He was a favourite, yet, at times, felt the wanton lash of
lawless power.
After a life of laborious service, performed, like Clarendon's,
with unimpeached fidelity,
he, like that great man, was turned out of employment,
stripped of all his trappings, without place or
pension; yet being endowed with a
generous forgiving temper,
saint-like, not dreading futurity, placidly met the hand
appointed to be his assassin.
Thus he died an example to all mortals, under
the wide expanded canopy of heaven.
A. D. MDCCLXV.

REFLECTION.

THE consciousness of having done one good action is more than equal, in point of real comfort, to many guilty pleasures.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

ONE of the most strange customs which time has handed down to us, prevails at St. Briavel's, in Gloucestershire. On Whit-Sunday, several baskets full of bread and cheese, cut into small squares of about an inch each, are brought into the church; and immediately after divine service is ended, the churchwardens, or some other persons, take them into the galleries, from whence their contents are thrown amongst the congregation, who have a grand scramble for it in the body of the church, which occasions as great a tumult and uproar as the amusements of a village wake, the inhabitants being always extremely anxious in their attendance on worship on this day.

This custom is held for the purpose of preserving to the poor of St. Briavel's and Hewelfield the right of cutting and carrying away wood from 3000 acres of coppice land, in Hudknolls and the Meends; and for which every housekeeper is assessed 2d. to buy the bread and cheese given away.

PILGRIMAGE.

THE form of consecrating a person for a pilgrimage, in what are called the middle ages, was as follows:—The pilgrim elect, after confession, lay prostrate at the altar, while an appropriate mass was performed. After this he arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff. The former of these he next sprinkled with holy water, and hung round the pilgrim's neck, accompanying the ceremony with certain prayers: the like was also done with his staff. The whole concluded with the mass *de iter agentibus*. To pilgrims going to the Holy Land a garment was delivered, marked with a cross, both cross and garment having been previously consecrated.—See the Salisbury Manual, 1554, fol. lix.

HEIGHT *of* MOUNTAINS.

IN the academy of sciences of Copenhagen, Professor Bugge lately read a memoir, in continuation of the theory of terrestrial refraction, and on the method of calculating the height of mountains above the surface of the sea. Several mountains in Iceland have been measured according to this method by the officers Olsen and Vetlesen; and it has been found that the height of Wivelfield is about 347 fathoms above the surface of the sea, that of Wester Jokel 760, of Hekla 827, and of Ejafiella, or Oster Jokel, 921.

Answer, by J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe, to R. Trewavas's Enigma, inserted the 30th of March.

THE SCILLY islands are your theme,
Where ships are oft in danger seen.

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inserted April 13.

AN ANSWER, Sir, you do require,
Which I have sent by your desire.

*** Similar answers have been received from C. Saunders, and H Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; H. Easter, of Poole; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. D. of Bristol; J C. of Ottery; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; P. Codd, of Plymouth; and a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Gidley's Charade, inserted April 20.

THE aromatic THYME 'tis clear
Will make your fragrant plant appear.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. Easter, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; G. F. A. Arden, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Colley, of St. German's; W. Smith, of Plymouth Dock; J. Fairweather, and P. Codd, of Plymouth; and a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers.

A CHARADE, *by a Private of the Loyal Menage Volunteers.*

MY first I've often seen in bars;
My second is a measure:
My whole it is a balance, Sirs,
Pray find it at your leisure.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, Junior.*

YE gents. bisect an animal of scent;
Mind well my next, if you're on learning bent:
My whole adheres to the impending rod,
And plants its footsteps in the barren sod.

A REBUS, *by J. Fairweather, of Plymouth.*

A Friend to Pythias first select;
An English titlenext detect;
Pomona's treasures search around,
For there with ease my third is found;
In Flora's treasures you will find,
My next, ye gents. if so inclin'd;
Mars' fictious name I beg behold,
And then my last you'll soon unfold:
Cement the initials plain and true,
An ancient king they'll place to view;
Tyrannic is his mighty sway,
He fills the mind with much dismay.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

To SPRING.

LOVELY season, balmy spring,
Come with fragrance on thy wing;
Come, on beds of sweetest flow'rs,
Fair as feign'd elysian bow'rs;
Come and paint the vi'lets blue,
And the lily's charm renew;
Come, on yon enamell'd mead,
In thy blushing dress array'd.
Hither, charmer, bend thy way,
On the sun-beam's golden ray.
Lovely season, balmy spring,
Come, with fragrance on thy wing.

Now, beneath the spreading thorn,
Is the meek-ey'd primrose born;
From the gazing eye conceal'd,
Or at most but half reveal'd;
Modest flower, spotless fair,
Beauty of the infant year;
Nature's soft and fairest queen,
Beauty of the varied scene.
Lovely season, balmy spring,
Come, with fragrance on thy wing.

Now, amid the vernal grove,
Zephyrs waft the sighs of love;
And the shrill-ton'd lark mounts high,
Greeting April's cloudless sky;
Now the cuckoo's cheerful note,
On the fanning breezes float;
And the blackbird's tuneful song
Is heard amid the warbling throng.
Lovely season, balmy spring,
Come, with fragrance on thy wing.

Now the rose puts on its bloom;
Briars yield their rich perfume;
And the newly fallen dew
With crystal drops th' leaves bestrew.
Lovely season, balmy spring,
Come, with fragrance on thy wing;
Come, adorn'd in artless style,
Come, and bid creation smile.

Camborne. J. B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ANGELINA: A TALE.

THE western winds were piping loud,
When hapless Angelina flew

To

To the dull cavern, from the crowd,
Who mock'd her sorrows as they grew.

Yes, as she pac'd along the shore,
In all the madness of despair,
The gazers mock'd the gloom she wore,
And none would show her pity there.

Her Henry, whom her heart ador'd,
To try his fortune in the war,
Had on the wings of glory soar'd
With Nelson to Cape Trafalgar.

There bravely fighting for his king,
And liberty, his country's pride,
He lost his life! Oh! sad to sing—
They gave his body to the tide

Alone, now in her gloomy cell,
Where ne'er is seen of light a ray,
She sings misfortunes as they fell,
But soon will sing them all away.

For see! the boding owlet flies,
On hovering wings, around the cave;
And Oh! the dull bird's croak implies,
Poor Angelina's in her grave.

Tilshead-school. W. TUCKER.

INFANCY.

AS yet the stream of life serenely flows,
No trace of thought informs the vacant eye,
Save when the officious nurse disturbs repose,
Or pain, or appetite, provoke to cry.

But now the visual orbs begin to move
As sight directs; not fix'd in idiot stare,
But drawn by glittering forms that float above,
Pursue them gliding, as it seems, on air.

A watch, a chain, a speckled shell display'd,
That lure yon eager, wandering eyes astray,
Speak of a mind within the bustling head,
That sets unseen the quivering springs in play.

He hears;—yon bell alarms his starting ear!
And see, the tiny hands with ardour spread,
To catch yon gilded toy, now hov'ring near,
Now swinging slow suspended o'er the bed!

Ambition, pause! Attend what reason says—
"Is not this infant's playful sport thine own?
"The bauble bright in fancy's circling rays,
"Mocks thy vain search—'tis distant, false, unknown.

"'Tis gain'd, despis'd, forgot. Another scheme
"Succeeds; but Heav'n denies th' expected joy;
"Doubt shades, and night o'ercasts the varying dream:
"'Tis all a meteor's dance, an infant's toy!"

MEMORY *and* OBLIVION.

ALL hail remembrance, and forgetfulness!
Trace, memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind;
When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,
Oblivion raze the records from our mind.